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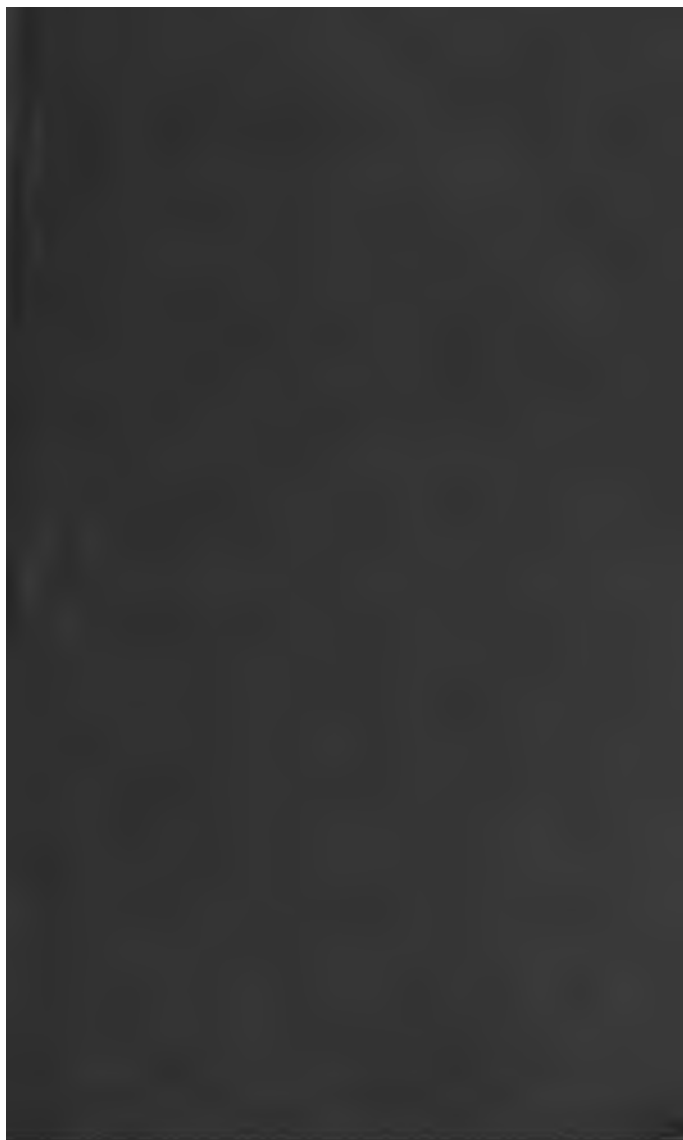
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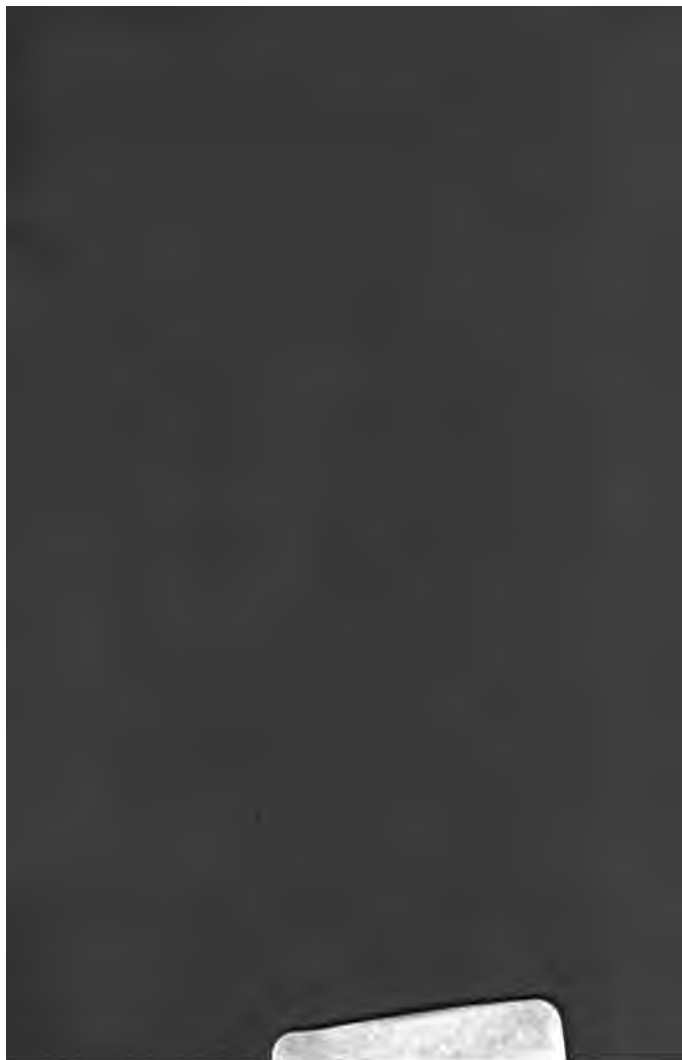
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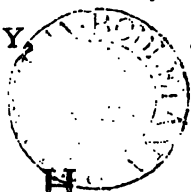
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THE
J O U R N E Y
O F
DR. ROBERT BONGOUT,
AND HIS LADY,
T O
B A T H.



PERFORMED IN THE YEAR 177—

_____ Est qui	
Tingat olus ficcum muria vater in calice emptâ.	
_____ Hic bona dente	
Grandia magnanimus peragit.	PER. S.
_____ Varius mappâ comescere risum	
Vix poterat.	HOR. S.

L O N D O N :
Printed for J. DODSLEY, in Pall-Mall.
M.DCC.LXXVIII.



CHARACTERS.

I.

DOCTOR BONGOUT, *a Prodigal,*

A flattering original,

An Epicure, a jolly soul,

Good-natur'd, pliable and droll;

Ever obliging to his wife,

A mortal enemy to strife;

By poor below'd, esteem'd by great,

Generous, compassionate;

A traveller, who by his trade,

Et cætera, his fortune made.

A 3

II. *Lady*

II.

*Lady BONGOUT, the Doctor's Fair,
 Well-meaning, honest, full of care ;
 Rigid in sentiment about
 Religion, and the truth throughout ;
 Rich, saving to the last degree,
 Elated with her pedigree ;
 Desirous to recover health,
 Desirous more to hoard up wealth ;
 Well satisfy'd for views 'twere best
 To like the food that 's simply drest :
 Disturb'd about her husband's way,
 Given to riot night and day ;
 Forebodes destruction in the path
 Of all the better folks at Bath.*

III.

*DOLLY, their handy little maid,
 Of whom no farther need be said.*

CANTO

C A N T O I.

FROM London town, the first of May,
I sing that memorable day ;

When Doctor BONGOUT, with his wife,

Sat off for Bath to save her life :

And as they fally'd through the town,

He was in spirits, she cast down.

The cause was this, she had a doubt,

Whether that Bath cou'd bring about

A perfect cure of all her ails ;

(The chance indeed was heads to tails)

More fears she had, but wou'd not own,

(To wit) th' expence of leaving town.

So on they drive, and cheek 'gainst jole,

From side to side this couple roll ;

'Till thus she spoke (as tame as mouse)

“ It matters not, I think, a louse,

Whether our journey we pursue,

Or back return ; pray what think you ?”

At this he mus'd—“ how mild—no flame—

Illness e'en makes a woman tame !”

Then, that his words might have fit grace,

He drew long and dismal face ;

And thus began, “ My Love, you know,

The Faculty wou'd have us go ;

And

And they, to give them all their due,
 Know better what is right than you ;
 And, if my judgment I may give,
 I join too in th' affirmative."

But here a strange mistake was made :
 These arguments her sense degrade ;
 For never cou'd she bear a joke,
 Seldom the truth—when thus she spoke :

“ F—— on the Faculty, I say,
 I know what 's right as well as they :
 The waters, and a gentle ride,
 May possibly relieve my side,
 And help my eyes, my spirits cheer,
 Disperse my pains, and stomach clear :

But

But then a thing attends this scheme,
Which thou, forsooth, didst never dream ;
The money, man, the great expence,
To get to Bath, will be immense."

He, who God knows, at any rate,
Hath strove to live a peaceful mate,
Thus answer'd mild, " My dear, I vow,
Thou'rt right—I see my error now—"

What cou'd man more ? " At last, quoth she,
Both in one point do we agree ?—
But pray, Sir, what is all the wealth
Of India, if one has not health ?
Yet thou wou'd'st have me tack about,
And die at home—the truth is out—

By this 'tis clear, for what I have,

Thou'd'st make me welcome to my grave :

But thy proposal, Sir, I spurn ;

Proceed I will, and not return."

As one shou'd look that hath been bang'd,

Bamboozl'd, or that 's to be hang'd ;

So look'd the Doctor disconcerted,

Keeping his head from her reverted ;

No words that cou'd be heard he utter'd,

But to himself these plaints he mutter'd ;

" Will always Fate be thus severe,

And never drop for me a tear !

• Sure length of years may pity crave

For me, a woman's wretched slave !

Who've

Who 've spent his time in pleasing one,
Who ne'er was pleas'd, when all was done."

No word he spoke—the chaise drove on,
And safe arriv'd in Hounslow town ;
Twelve miles from London, and no more ;
To journey's end, still ninety-four.
I wish this couple safe at Bath,
As many haps attend their path.

C A N T O II.

“ **T**HANKS to my stars,” our Lady cry’d,

As in the chaise she sat beside

Of dumpish Doctor, “ Thanks that we

Are safe arriv’d thus far !” Quoth he,

“ My dear, while horses change, I think,

We may as well get out and drink.”

“ No, no, quoth she, we’ll drink no wine,

Nor eat a bit until we dine ;

A fine expence, if you begin

To eat and drink at every inn !”

This

Quoth she, " Such things thou talk'st about
 I wou'd thy wanton tongue was out :
 Go order dinner—" " That I've done,
 Quoth he, and we shall dine at one."

" I think, quoth she, thou'rt very quick
 To order dinner in the nick,
 When I was run up stairs to do
 Something I wou'd not do 'fore you."

Now she suppos'd that butcher's meat
 Was order'd, as she ne'er cou'd eat
 His high-dress'd fish and fricassées,
 And havock'd ducks flew'd down with ease.

C A N T O III.

AT one the dinner 's sery'd ; but she,
When nothing fit to eat cou'd see,
Thus angry spoke—" These nasty French
Fashions of dressing ducks and tench,
Forsooth you like ; but give me meat
Dress'd in the fashion I can eat :
Thou know'st I do not like this kind
Of hotchpotch ; but thou hast a mind
To starve me 'fore to journey's end
We come"—The Doctor cou'd not lend

An ear to what his duchess said,
 But cramm'd, and stuff'd, and stuff'd and fed ;
 And full an hour did he engage,
 Whilst the good lady swell'd with rage :
 And tho' this mingle-mangle stuff
 She cou'd not touch, but sat in huff,
 More meat she'd have on no pretence,
 For worse than hunger were th' expence ;
 So fat uneasy for the bill,
 While he kept on a round pace still,
 She oft rebuk'd—but 'twas in vain ;
 The Doctor ate and ate again.

Quoth he, " I drink your health, my dear."

Now this she constru'd as a flier,

For

For she as yet had nothing ate,

So did not relish his conceit.

“ More cause, quoth she, I think you have
To drink your own, and pardon crave ;
For great’s the sin to sit and stuff,
When long ago thou’dst ate enough ;
Besides these nasty pois’nous ways
Cut short the greedy glutton’s days ;
For while he gorges such a deal,
He eats whole days at ev’ry meal.

—— Waiter, this moment fetch the bill,

Husband—fobear—thou shalt not kill.”

In a familiar easy tone,

“ My dear, quoth he, I now have done ;

I'm qualify'd, juſt to purſue
Our journey, Love, if thou art too."

This was the ſecond joke of his,
And which our lady took amiſs ;
But as a certain way ſhe'd cook
His worſhip next day, ſhe wou'd brook
This laſt conceit, and ſo ſubmit
For this time to the Doctor's wit.
The bill is brought, " My ſtars, quoth ſhe,
For what can all this reck'ning be !
They muſt abate full half this bill,
Or they will uſe us very ill ;
Forſooth no morſel cou'd I eat,
And here's a charge ! 'tis all a cheat :

Huſband,

Husband, fly out." " And so I will,
Quoth he, and they shall bate the bill."

The Doctor went, no breath he lost,
And paid without a word the host.

The business done, he form'd a plan,
And thus t' accost his wife began.

" One half, my dear, the landlord bated,
When I th' imposition stated;
Was sorry he had charg'd so much,
And there was nothing you cou'd touch."

Quoth she, " What cou'd the fellow mean ?

Sure such a bill was never seen !

When only one had ate, pray who,

That 's not a cheat, wou'd charge for two ?

'Tis right to make such honest men
 Bate half, and write their bill agen."
 She spoke—and into chaise they step'd,
 And as they rode the Doctor slept;
 Nor wak'd he once, until they came
 To Reading—but not so the dame;
 For various cares disturb'd her mind,
 The landlord's trick; she had not din'd.
 And was scheming means and ways
 To keep the Doctor in the chaise:
 For here she only stop'd to get
 Fresh horses, not to take a whet.
 When lo! th' officious waiter kicks
 The door to ope—the window sticks—

Quoth

Quoth she, in haste, " We cannot light,

We must go on, or 'twill be night ;

Keep close the door, the wind will kill

My husband who is very ill ;

Besides he's in a little sleep ;

And so, poor soul, I'd have him keep."

Then on they drove, he mov'd ne'er hand

Until they came to Spinhamland.

C A N T O IV.

OUT of a long repose, and sweet,
 The Doctor wakes, still numb his feet,
 So numb, he cannot go, nor stand,
 But from his chaise is borne in hand ;
 And as about the necks he clung
 Of those that bore him thus he sung :

L A R G O P I A N I S S I M O .

“ O gentle sleep, and ever sacred rest !
 Of all Physicians thou art far the best ;
 While I was under thy indulgent care,
 In gut, how blest ! I felt no gripings there.

P R E S T O .

PRESTO.

But hunger so keen
 Now changes the scene;
 With eyes ope, who wou'd not complain?
 Besides in my throat
 Drought alters my note,
 And my guts grumble baf to my pain.

LARGETTO PIANO.

O Sleep divine! for ever let me be,
 When I'm not eating, Goddess, then with thee."
 'Twas thus he sung, while in amaze
 The hostess stands, the waiters gaze;
 But Madam, tho' she swell'd with rage,
 War with her husband wou'd not wage:

For

For publicly, she thought, to rout him,
 Wou'd make more mirth for those about him;
 So spar'd him now, but when alone,
 She meant to give him all his own.
 The room soon clear'd, and she began;
 " Did ever flesh know such a man!
 Unless asleep, thou canst not rest,
 But art where'er we go the jest;
 O that I cou'd but see the day,
 When thou'lt leave off this hateful way."
 " It matters not, I think, a jot
 Whether I sang, quoth he, or not;
 But if thou'lt have that black is white,
 'en then, my dear, I'll say thou'rt right.

For madnefs 'tis the man and wife,
'Bout trifles to imbitter life."

These words came out so à propos,
What to return she did not know ;
So wav'd the cause—Quoth she, " I find
For meat my stomach's not inclin'd ;
And if it was, I cou'd not bring
Myself to think it was the thing,
Thus late to sit me down and eat
A belly-full of solid meat."

" I too, quoth he, a piece of bread
Will only take, and then to bed :
And from this time I'll copy thee,
Light suppers better will agree."

This

This subtle speech his lady charm'd,
 And all at once her rage difarm'd ;
 And she who 'fore was never dumb,
 Her silence now cou'd not o'ercômë ;
 But a sweet smile, on either cheek,
 Proclaim'd the joy she cou'd not speak.
 At length (th' rapt'rous heat abated)
 The use of abstinence she stated :
 Quoth she, " If thou'lt be rul'd by me,
 A comelier man there shall not be ;
 Besides no sickness thou shalt know,
 But double years in ease shall flow ;
 Full bags of money by thy side
 Shall wait, and for each want provide."

Quoth

Quoth he, " For this great benefit,
To your advice I will submit."

He then excus'd himself to leave hër,
Desiring ever not to grieve her ;
And to the cook he pays a visit,
Altho' ad legem 'twas illicit.

" Friend cook, quoth he, (first half a crown
Pop'd in his hand) are there in town
Such things as ducklings to be got ?
The price I value not a jot."

" Sir, quoth the cook, I have not less
Than ten fine ducklings fit to dress ;"
" Then, quoth the Doctor, if you please,
Stew half a dozen down with pease ;

And when enough, where I shall lie,
Be sure you send them instantly."

These orders giv'n, back to his wife
The Doctor hastes ; quoth he, " My life,
I'm come to sit an hour or so,
And then with leave to rest I'll go."
With her he sat and ate his bread,
Then kiss'd his wife and went to bed.

But here 'tis requisite to say,
They in one bed but seldom lay ;
And whether 'twas for fashion-sake,
To say I will not undertake.

Now she began to nod for rest,
And sleep her heavy eyes oppress'd ;

She cou'd no longer hold in chair,
 The clock had warn'd her to repair ;
 Repair she did, but not to bed,
 For Fate, with mischief in her head,
 Her steps misguided to the place,
 At supper, where the Doctor was.

Oh dire mishap ! unwelcome guest !
 Thus to disturb the Doctor's rest—

She sees—she shrieks, “ A ghost, a ghost ! ”
 Then faints—and in the fit is lost.

The waiters bear her to her room, ▲
 And soon again her senses come ;
 But in continual frights the night

She spent, and rose before 'twas light ;

Declar'd that " Some enormous sin
Had been committed in the inn ;
She wou'd no longer be confin'd
Where apparitions sat and din'd."

" No, sup'd, my Love, the Doctor cries,
Thou mean'st, for faith if I had eyes,
I saw ('twas ten o'clock last night)
The self-same individual sight :
I saw myself sit near my bed,
With bottles, and a table spread ;
I saw such dainties, O the sight
Had well-nigh turn'd my senses quite !
And yet when I, my dear, he said,
My spectre saw, I was in bed,

And

And fast asleep, by all that's true,
That this was fact the waiters knew."

Now she was ever credulous,
And dealt in the miraculous,
That so this lucky turn of his
Was for the Doctor not amiss.

" Indeed, quoth she, and did'st thou so?
The house is haunted then I know:
For breakfast here we will not stay,
I'll order horses and away."
The Doctor relish'd not this haste
Of starting 'fore he'd broke his fast;
But having scap'd so well last night,
To yield this time he thought was right.

At Marlborough they stopt to dine,
 Where Doctor Robert did not shine ;
 For tho' his fast he had not broke,
 He cou'd not eat, she turn'd the joke :
 And in the sequel you will find
 The Lady's joke and how they din'd.

C A N T O V.

THE sun had ran full half his race,
And dinner-time drew nigh apace ;
When to the * Castle Inn they came,
The hungry Doctor and his dame.
But she, whose head, in saving schemes,
Is busy'd even to extremes,
Was now determin'd to restore
The money spent the day before,
And that the Doctor shou'd retrench,
And feast no more on carp and tench.

* At Marlborough.

With this resolve, a mutton chop
 She order'd and a greasy sop ;
 Keeping the Doctor close by side,
 Left into kitchen he shou'd slide.

“ My dear, quoth she, I'll make it out
 To you, that I shall save about
 Four-fifths of what you yesterday
 For dinner madly threw away :
 To wit, this morn no breakfast made,
 By consequence we nothing paid ;
 And now a mutton-chop at most,
 Cannot above a shilling cost :
 Two-pence the waiter when we dine,
 And six-pence for two gills of wine.”

No word the Doctor spoke, and grief
To hunger cou'd not give relief;
He therefore oft by diff'rent ways
To gain the kitchen made essays;
And she as oft th' attempt defeats,
“ What crosses man from woman meets !”

But now the wretched mutton-chop
Is serv'd up with a greasy sop;
They both sit down; he cannot eat,
But she preferr'd such wholesome meat;
And having made for some days past
But scanty meals, she swallow'd fast;
Desir'd the Doctor 'd eat himself,
And laugh'd, and drank, “ My love, your health.”

Then

Then said, " Attend to me, my dear,
And thou a pretty tale shalt hear.

Once on a time, as stories feign,
A fox to dinner ask'd a crane ;
And in a shallow dish serv'd up
His broth ; the crane got ne'er a sup :
The hungry bird was still polite,
And hop'd to see the fox at night ;
(She only wish'd retaliation)
The fox accepts the invitation ;
When lo ! a jug with narrow neck,
In which the crane cou'd thrust her beak,
Was set before them full of meat,
The fox look'd on but cou'd not eat.

Now

Now patience, husband, and reflect,
 'Tis what th' aggressor must expect.
 Was it not you, good Sir, that fed
 On carp and tench at Maidenhead?
 When thy poor wife ne'er ate a bit;
 And fell at night into a fit?"

He sigh'd accord to what she said,
 But in plain words no answer made.
 " And now, quoth she, you see this bill;
 —Yet both of us have ate our fill:
 And tho' enough we have to pay,
 We still can live another day:
 The waiter bows, and seems content,
 The landlord too, with what we spent.

Shou'd'ft

Shou'd'st thou thy prudent wife survive,
Learn hence, my dear, the way to live."

The chaise drew up—this happy pair
In silence reach Devizes' Bear.

When guts in Doctor made such rout,
He 'gan to talk of getting out ;

But she, being bent to fit by smell.

(However strong) whate'er befel,

Kept him in chaise with much ado,

While horses fresh were putting to.

When lo ! a hag, both old and poor,

With rheumy eyes and red as gore,

And filthy garments patch'd and torn,

Looking despair, distress'd, forlorn,

Whose

Whose palsied arm a basket bore,
 In which three farthing cakes, no more,
 Were all her wealth ; behold her now,
 Alms asking, “ Good Sir, pray bestow,—
 —My dearest Lady, may God grant
 You never know what ’tis to want !”
 So pray’d the wretch—The Doctor spy’d
 The cakes in basket ; “ Friend, he cry’d,
 What hast to sell ?” “ Kind Sir, quoth she,
 Reaching her cakes—I’ve only three.”
 The Doctor slipt her half a crown,
 And took the cakes—the cakes went down.
 If hunger was the better sauce,
 This gen’rous act deserv’d applause.

But

But now impatient fits his dear,
 'The price of gingerbread to hear ;
 And tho' she ask'd in canting tone,
 The truth the Doctor wou'd not own :
 " My Love, if you must know, quoth he,
 I gave two farthings for the three,
 Four for a penny they are sold,
 But being her last and somewhat old,
 She made no scruple, took my price,
 And I 'm content, the cakes are nice."
 Quoth she, " I hate t' oppress the poor,
 Thou cou'd'st not give well less, nor more ;
 And as the cakes are not so new,
 On either side there's nothing due.

To

To Melksham turnpike now they come ;
 " These tolls, quoth she, are troublesome ;
 Two turnpikes have we pass'd to-day—
 You—Master—here, What is to pay ?
 Your roads I cannot greatly praise,
 Considering what a sum they raise."
 Now Doctor several times had strove
 To find his purse, quoth he, " My Love,
 My sides you squeeze so very close,
 I cannot get my pocket loose."
 Quoth she, " I shou'd not sit so near,
 If seat were wider ; but my dear,
 Thou'lt ate so much of eel and trout,
 Of chaise, I fear, thou'lt ne'er get out."

The

The Doctor with some trouble drew
From side a shilling, good as new.

Quoth she, “ Mind—you Sir—turnpike-man,
It always is my husband’s plan
To give good money, so take care
The change is good—or else beware—”

“ Madam, quoth he, the Doctor’s known
As well in country as in town;
The poor abroad have spread his fame,
And ev’ry wretch reveres his name;
And give me leave to think these pence,
Before he travels two miles hence,
Will freely from his pocket part,
To gladden some distressed heart;

Then

Then be it far from me to give
 What such distress wou'd not relieve."
 No answer cou'd our Lady make
 For charity's and virtue's sake :
 So on they drove—through perils past,
 To Bath they safely came at last.

C A N T O VI.

THE sun was dress'd in nightcap-red,
And slipping into 'Thetis' bed ;
And ev'ning breezes 'gan to play,
And chase the beams of light away ;
When forth from inn, without a bait,
Our Lady hastes with hungry mate ;
Lodgings this night she must procure,
For inns she never cou'd endure ;
Already on the road, she said,
Too much for living she had paid.

Now

Now see her scanning ev'ry street,
 If with fit lodgings she cou'd meet ;
 Gaping at window and door-post,
 Like country clown in city lost.
 This house she hates, objects to that,
 Some stand too high, and some too flat.

Not so the Doctor, who, behind,
 Had found a house out to his mind.

But she went on, at windows high
 Still gaping—thinking him close by :
 At last quoth she, “ This house may do :
 Look at it, husband ; what think you ? ”
 —No answer made—she turn'd in fright ;
 But he was vanish'd out of sight.

Confus'd she stands, while anger beats
 In glowing breast, and thus she speaks:
 " Hard fate, that all the cares of life
 Shou'd fall alone upon the wife !
 Must I go back ?—then if I can
 Find out this monster of a man,
 So surely as he has a head,
 He supperless shall go to bed."

Not so, fair Lady, can it be;
 For since he sculk'd away from thee,
 Blest in the company of Gill,
 The happy soul has cramm'd his fill.
 Then hast'ning back, in shop, by chance,
 She sees him footing up a dance.

With

With belly full, and swimming eyes ;
 Encompass'd round with smoking pies.
 A while she stands—she stares—draws near,
 Then calls, and lets the husband see her.
 The Doctor starts, with terrour shakes,
 And mirth at once his soul forsakes :
 He hangs his head, he heaves a sigh ;
 She scolds—but he makes no reply :
 For as a dog, that does a trick
 He ought not, and is caught i' th' nick,
 Looks sheepish, and behind will steal ;
 So sculk'd the Doctor at her heel.
 Again she finds her lodgings out,
 But be'ng than others more devout,

The house to enter wou'd not dare,
 Till she knew who the owners were.
 So was, good, pious soul ! distress'd
 To know what tenets they profess'd ;
 For her religion was the best,
 And against all wou'd stand the test :
 " For who, quoth she, dissents from mine,
 Assents to one that's less divine ;
 I'll therefore nothing have to do
 With those whose worship is not true ;
 For 'twere a wickedness in me,
 With such for lodgings to agree."
 As luck wou'd ha't, of much the same
 Persuasion were they as the dame ;

And

And nothing now cou'd interfere,

Unless the lodgings were too dear.

She enters, and begins to pry

In ev'ry room with busy eye ;

“ This carpet's old—this paper's torn,

What table's this ? the beds how worn !

Something you folks must fall in rent,

To such a price I'll not consent.”

A moment now let's bid adieu

To carpets, beds, and Lady too ;

And some regard the Doctor show,

And see what's going on below.

Cupid, who late, in shape of jelly,

With love had stuff'd the Doctor's belly ;

Took the advantage of the dose,
 While Ma'am was looking o'er the house ;
 And snug in scullery convey'd
 The Doctor and the kitchen-maid.
 But whether dose in strength grew slack,
 Or prudence kept the Doctor back,
 For certain here I cannot show,
 Nor will I tell if e'er I know.
 But all the wicked god intended,
 He did not.—Still the wench commended
 His taste refin'd, his curious art
 In cooking, and his gen'rous heart ;
 And tho' unjustly praise hath been
 Dispos'd of, where no merit's seen ;

The

The wench cou'd scan with half an eye

The Doctor's worth in cookery.

And truly there the Doctor shin'd,

Whatever Cupid had a mind.

Up stairs a second time we'll move,

And see what's going on above.

Behold (much breath on both sides spent)

The house is hir'd, but hard the rent ;

The rent she held was far too high

To give for her small family.

But reasons strong she cou'd advance

For this piece of extravagance ;

Namely, 'twas right t'encourage none,

But her own sect, and that alone.

In lodgings fix'd, now Madam's care

Was next her carcase to repair :

A. For growing pains began t'invade

T Th' afflicted parts, which call'd for aid.

B But how the waters to apply

C In this there lay the mystery :

Advice she therefore must procure

Of those who seldom fail to cure.

The Doctor too begins to get

Acquainted with a deadly set ;

With pastry-cook, and fisherman,

With poulterer, and publican ;

And soon becomes of great renown,

Among the epicures in town.

CANTO

C A N T O VII.

'T WAS late the death of Scot was known,

A noted painter of the town,

Who for his art was so much fam'd,

The English Vanderveldt was nam'd.

By bills the Doctor had been told

That all his pictures wou'd be sold.

To take a peep he had an itching ;

For pictures were to him bewitching.

In them a charm 'fore now he found,

And of a penny made a pound.

Scot's pieces publicly were seen ;

Suppose our couple to have been.

Great faults she found with every one,

" This picture's tame, that hard as stone."

Desir'd the Doctor wou'd not buy,

His money better might apply.

She turn'd upon them all her t—l ;

But he step'd back to see the sale,

Protesting first he wou'd not buy,

But went for curiosity.

Not long the Doctor had been there,

Before th' injunctions of his dear

Were obsolete, and out of date,

And he was for another bait ;

A pigeon

A pigeon still was in his eye,
 And t'other chance was bent to try.
 He bought—and homeward sent his pack
 Of pictures pois'd on porter's back.
 Th' unwieldy load was safe receiv'd ;
 But Madam scarce her eyes believ'd,
 And with a frown, without his pay,
 Was packing of the man away ;
 When puffing, up the Doctor came,
 And soon put out the rising flame,
 Which in the porter's breast began
 To heat and agitate the man :
 Then in he marches ; but before
 He of his lips cou'd ope the door,

She

She quickly cry'd, " Ah Lard ! I fear,
You've bought these pictures much too dear."

He told the price—then all was mum,
" 'Tis very well I think, come, come,
But Lard ! my dear, how great a lye !
Is this thy curiosity ?

Upon my word, these are compleat,
The like of these thou shalt not meet ;
These pieces are without a flaw,
This storm's the best I ever saw ;
'Tis true I went, but did not find
These beauties out, sure I was blind."

T' express the Doctor's feelings now
Is not in power of pen to show ;

Who

Who all this while stood mute as fish,
 Had ev'ry want, had ev'ry wish ;
 His heart was full, he cou'd not speak,
 For joy had fill'd up ev'ry creek ;
 So stepping up to shew his bliss,
 Approv'd her judgment with a kiss.
 Still the fresh beauties wou'd find out,
 Perfect the pictures were throughout ;
 Swift light'ning darts from shore to shore,
 Cou'd almost hear the thunder roar.
 " Poor Scot cou'd never paint this storm,
 This piece for him is much too warm ;—
 I have it now—the cheat I've smelt,
 And see 'tis done by Vanderveldt :

Forsooth,

Forsooth, Scot shew'd it for his own,
 To get his pencil some renown ;
 But when he died (through ignorance)
 This piece was left to take its chance.
 Now for this storm, if I may judge,
 No one an hundred pounds can grudge ;
 'Tis worth all that, and what you gave,
 At least an hundred pounds you'll save,
 When we return, I make no doubt,
 The gain will pay our journey out ;
 Sir J—— shall see it, or the knight,
 If first the B—— does not bite.
 'Twas luck indeed no prying elf
 The diff'rence saw before thyself."

Now all this time the Doctor knew
 That honest Scot this picture drew :
 And so did Ma'am ; but this she made,
 Both to agree in what they said ;
 For when a customer wou'd buy,
 They held it wrong to tell a lie.

C A N T O VIII.

MEAN while Ma'am's health, do what she can,
Grows worfe, and mocks the care of man ;
And eyes inflame, and pains increase,
And night and day she finds no ease ;
Her spirits waste, her nerves are weak,
The fever's strong, she scarce can speak.
When sapient enters the physician,
With face full brother to magician ;
And close at heel, with hat in hand,
Apothecary to command.

Sage Galen first approach'd the bed,
 Her pulse he felt—he shak'd his head ;
 “ Too late, quoth he, I am afraid,
 You call in the physician's aid ;
 Nature is spent for want of rest,
 Nevertheless I'll do my best.”

And next, importance in his look,
 Her hand th' apothecary took ;
 Shrug'd up his shoulders, shak'd *his* head,
 And echoed what the other said.

Then Galen thus to Gallipot,
 “ A catarrhal cough this Lady's got,
 Is very fev'rish, and complains
 In all her limbs of vi'lent pains ;

Therefore a warm diluting drink"

AP. " Can do no harm, I firmly think."

PH. " But keep from stimulating food,"

AP. " For such may do more harm than good."

PH. " By gentle sweating in this case,"

AP. " She possibly may mend apace."

PH. " To-morrow I will call agen ;

Be sure you meet me here at ten."

True to a minute Galen came,

And trusty Gallipot the same.

Up stairs they mount and ope the bed,

Well-pleas'd to hear she was not dead ;

Such welcome tidings cou'd but please,

(For what, alas ! were one day's fees ?)

“ Madam, quoth Galen, I rejoice,
To hear you have not lost your voice ;
And with great care I make no doubt,
In proper time you may get out.”

“ Better, quoth she, myself I find,
Yet still to thirstiness inclin’d :
I wish to drink the waters now ;
But whether proper you must know.”
Quoth he, “ The waters you shall try,
But first in smallest quantity.
For various are their operations,
Which we find out by observations ;
Astringent now, then diuretic,
Now stimulant, then antiseptic ;

Our spaw being therefore thus disguis'd,

All patients shou'd be well advis'd :

Moreover, as your health advances,

We throw in proper substances.

I think to-morrow you may try

The waters in small quantity.

With prudence it may be allow'd."

He spoke—he took his fee—he bow'd.

The day advanc'd, and all believ'd,

By night the wou'd be much reliev'd.

Night's sable mantle now was spread,

And Nature lull'd its drowsy head ;

The Doctor's jaw-bones were at rest,

And ease his lumpish corpse possess'd :

Not

Not e'en the cannon's burſting roar
 Cou'd interrupt him in his ſnore ;
 But full as tick, and round as ball,
 Supine he lay, cou'd hear no call ;
 'Till Doll ſtep'd up, and tweak'd his noſe,
 And rous'd him from his ſound repoſe,
 Crying—" For God's ſake, Sir, ariſe,
 As ſure as death my miſtreſs dies ;
 She's fall'n this moment in a ſwoon,
 Her life is fled—her fight is gone."
 Then pop'd the candle in his eyes,
 Which put him into ſuch ſurpriſe,
 That he began to ſmell and ſcowl,
 And wink and goggle like an owl.

But soon he found his dearest wife,
 Not without signs of real life :
 But yet so bad, he cou'd not say,
 That she wou'd live another day ;
 And fearful of this sad event,
 A messenger to Galen sent.
 Puffing up stairs the doctor came,
 And orders gave to bleed the dame,
 More true the pulse begins to beat,
 " We'll now, quoth he, promote a sweat,
 And if till morn the lady lives,
 I'll order her some sedatives."
 He then took leave—but not without
 A double fee for coming out ;

But

But some will have it understood,
 He doubles fee for patient's good,
 As by prescription he can prove,
 A single fee will not remove,
 So late at night, a stubborn cause,
 Without infringement of the laws,
 On which his practice he begun,
 To make quick cure of ev'ry one,
 Of rich and poor, who all his care
 Alike most bountifully share :
 And since his care hath been so great,
 Galen hath made a large estate.
 But all this while the husband stood
 As motionless as log of wood ;

Nor had he words to tell his grief,
 For that had given some relief ;
 And tho' they differ'd in their way,
 They love for love wou'd often pay.

And now recover'd from surprize,
 Began he to philosophize ;
 And if at first he spoke no word,
 And not an inch from Madam stir'd,
 Some healing thoughts in breast began
 To reconcile the inward man.

Quoth he, " For her own benefit,
 I'll part, if Providence think fit ;
 And try if I can bear my life,
 As well without as with a wife."

This

This shew'd his reason and good sense,
To wait the will of Providence.
Then straight to bed the Doctor went,
And proper prayers to Heaven he sent,

C A N T O IX.

THE clock struck five, the Doctor rose,
Nor put on shoe, nor ty'd up hose,
But crept on tiptoe to the door,
Anxious to hear if all was o'er.
A rule he had whereby to know,
If wife was living, yes or no :
Time was, when they together lay,
But little did as people say ;
That last they did agree upon't
To separate, as naught came on't.

Yet

Yet in one bed so long they lay,
 He knew full well her usual way ;
 Which was, if not asleep, to show
 How quick and loud her tongue cou'd go.
 But if asleep, until she rose,
 To sound a trumpet thro' her nose.
 Ere long the Doctor left his bed,
 He was convinc'd she was not dead ;
 But still alive; tho' very weak,
 Yet not so bad but she cou'd speak.
 Last night's complaint, that gave surprisè,
 Was fallen into Madam's eyes ;
 Which, being inflam'd, so dim'd her sight,
 Poor soul, she knew not black from white.

Back to his bed the Doctor creeps,
 The de'il another wink he sleeps ;
 He thought 'twas better she shou'd die,
 Than thus to live in misery.
 " Howe'er, quoth he, for aught I know,
 What God decrees it must be so :
 Then if she never sees again,
 No more of fate must I complain :
 And as I cannot if I wou'd
 Assist her, it is understood :
 This I, tho' no philosopher,
 To be sound doctrine do aver ;
 Then while she's blind, I wou'd know why
 I may not live in jollity.

Therefore

Therefore this moment out of bed
 I'll jump, for it shall ne'er be said,
 Because my wife has not an eye,
 I cry'd mine out for company."

With that from bed the Doctor jumps,
 No cause was now to lie in dumps;
 And from that moment he began
 To live like any alderman.

Three weeks at least in dismal gloom,
 Our Lady was confin'd to room;
 In other points was pretty well,
 But diff'rent colours cou'd not tell;
 Oft for her husband she wou'd send,
 And by his gut forebode his end.

For tho' she cou'd not with her eyes
 Distinguish his enormous size ;
 Yet she cou'd feel to what a bulk
 His worship had increas'd his hulk.
 This griev'd her sore—" 'Twas scandalous,
 That he shou'd spend his money thus."

But he ne'er thought it a disgrace,
 And as she cou'd not see his face,
 Which like a turkey-cock's was red,
 He car'd not two-pence what she said ;
 For he cou'd muster argument,
 With her by chance to gain assent ;
 And sometimes kept her in a doubt
 The plainest circumstance about :

But

But still, so seldom reason pleaded,

'Twas ten to one if he succeeded ;

Yet ever did in exigence,

Make an attempt upon her sense :

And now the time was come about,

To raise in her another doubt.

“ My dear, quoth he, for want of eyes,

You think me bigger in my size ;

But to dim fights all things appear

Larger in fact than what they are.

For instance, if you've ever seen

The moon, when in a mist she's been,

How larger then does she appear,

'Than when the atmosphere is clear ?

Or you may find by mathematics,
 Or, if you like, by hydrostatics,
 For if I measure bigger now,
 Than what I did a month ago ;
 By mathematics it comes out,
 That I'm enlarg'd beyond a doubt.
 Or shou'd I sink (tho' God forbid)
 Faster than what I ever did ;
 By hydrostatics, thus you'll find,
 I've got upon't since thou wert blind."

Quoth she, " I'm told these *mathematics*
 Are nothing but your college tricks :
 Others, they were contriv'd, maintain,
 More to perplex than to explain :

But

But as your words I can't gainfay,
 Some truth may be in what you fay.
 But oh ! may soon the God of light
 Make me diffinguish by my fight !”

She spoke—the Doctor sculk'd away,
 To take his pleasure for the day ;
 And feasted till the dawning light
 Began to chafe away the night.

C A N T O X.

NOW had Aurora fring'd the sky
 With trappings of a crimson die ;
 And 'prentice-boys set out their shops,
 And cleanly maids well-ply'd their mops ;
 When hungry Doctor rear'd his head
 From pillow warm, and thus he said,
 " Aurora, hail ! thy rosy looks
 Denote 'tis time to go to cook's ;"
 Then 'tempts to rise, succeeds, and blows,
Dresses himself, and out he goes.

And

And ev'ry maid along the street
 He greets, and they return the greet.
 Now Gill, by observation, knew
 How soon by gut the Doctor drew ;
 And all his dainties spread had got
 On breakfast board, and piping hot,
 Whose grateful odours catch the nose
 Of him who has one, as he goes :
 Suppose the Doctor to have one,
 He has, 'tis true, and 'tis his own :
 Then see him yonder, as he stands,
 Fix'd by the nose, with lifted hands,
 Within a pole or thereabout,
 Whence these sweet odours issue out ;

Calling on all the heav'nly host
 To know if they such scents cou'd boast.
 Either the Gods were sleeping all,
 And did not hear the Doctor call,
 For it was early—or perchance
 Were merry-making at a dance.
 Yet so it was—he call'd not twice,
 But enter'd boldly in a trice,
 “ Good-morrow, cook,” the Doctor cries,
 “ Your servant, Sir, the cook replies,
 I hope my eels agreed last night ;
 The trout and venison-pie sat light ;
 Those custards, Sir, were of the best,
 I hope they did not break your rest.”

“ My reft,—quoth he,—not all thefe pies,
Nor flummery cou’d make me rife ;
A peck of cuftard, Mafter Gill,
A man may eat and not be ill.”

“ A peck ! your pardon, Sir, quoth Gill,
What man cou’d eat and not be ill ?
Such wou’d be call’d a cormorant—”

“ That, quoth the Doctor, I’ll not grant ;
I’ve ate as much, and I am fure
I ne’er was deem’d an epicure.”

The cook no longer durft contend,
For fear of lofing his beft friend ;
For fuch a gueft ne’er came within
His threshold fince the days of Quin.

He did not know the Doctor's temper,
Which of the very best was semper :
He therefore wisely, as he ought,
Recall'd his words, as prudence taught.
“ Good Sir, quoth he, of soup and meat,
A man a peck at once may eat ;
But then, Sir, at that very meal,
He cannot eat besides a deal.”

“ Now, quoth the Doctor, thou art right,
A peck will damp the appetite ;
This by experience I have known,
And see no shame the truth to own.”

The cook withdrew, the Doctor ate,
Till appetite began to bate ;

Two rolls, three manchets, and a bun,
 Devoured he as sure as gun ;
 With two full pints of milk and tea,
 Of Choc'late one, of coffee three ;
 Was now prepar'd to keep out wind,
 While he maintain'd it firm behind.

“ Now since, quoth he, a time so short,
 One meal in man can life support ;
 He that neglects, when one is o'er,
 To go to market to buy more ;
 Shou'd not, if I cou'd have my way,
 Survive to eat another day :
 For naught 'gainst hunger to prepare,
 Of life's to take too little care.”

Thus

Thus to himself he spoke—he rings—,
 “ Here, waiter, take away these things—;
 The market’s filling, and the prime
 Will all be gone—* Gadzooks, ’tis time,
 If I’m to eat again to-day,
 For me to stir my stumps away.

* Looks at his watch.

C A N T O XI.

THE market fills—unfold the prime,

The Doctor flies to be in time,

Looks ev'ry stall before he buys,

And fish and fowl to nose applies,

To nose, which for sagacity

With any human nose might vie ;

As judge of scents, of greater fame,

Than snout of dog to know his game,

By rules, experimently true,

Examines all the market through ;

And

And all the best, whate'er the price,

To belly falls a sacrifice.

This stall supplies him with a fowl,

With teal another, that a foal,

At diff'rent places buys his fish,

And many stalls make up a dish.

Dainties around him give delight,

And bless the Doctor's happy sight :

The half-starv'd mariner, that's lost

Upon some foreign barren coast,

Does not, who had despair'd to live,

More joy at sight of food receive,

Than did the Doctor, while his eyes

Beheld so many niceties.

A porter's call'd, he sends away

The dainty purchase of the day.

But not to lodgings, there his dame

Presided mistress of the same.

At tavern he's a welcome guest,

(And quietness at meals is best)

He there cou'd cook a dainty bit

Securely, and his wife outwit.

Suppose the Doctor now hath ate

For dinner half a stone in weight ;

Hath ply'd so fast his knife and fork,

That nature cannot do her work ;

Hath overcharg'd his stomach so,

He cannot sit, nor stand, nor go :

His

And by an hearty stir-about,

Cou'd put a flatus to the rout ;

Yet still he look'd the self-same figure,

Nor was he less, nor grew he bigger.

Quickly for Gallipot they fend,

Fearful which way the case might end.

He comes—a clyster straight prepares,

Dolly in hand the candle bears ;

While Madam holds the flap aside,

That Gallipot the pipe might guide.

Sure such a sight before had been

By these two fair ones never seen !

Or think ye, had they stood so nigh,

Or pry'd so narrowly with eye ?—

T' a moment was the pipe apply'd,
 The Doctor else had surely dy'd ;
 For carcase was so full and pent,
 At touch-hole stood in need of vent.

O dire mishap ! how shall I tell,
 In th' operation what befell ?—

The Doctor suddenly let fly,
 And shot his wife upon the eye ;
 And instantly a second dose
 Hit Dolly just below the nose.

As when a river, swell'd by rain,
 Breaks down her banks and seeks the plain,
 Her waters burst with sudden force,
 And maul the hills that stop their course.

The jade immediately let fall,
 The candle, and began to squall ;
 Whilst Mistress, startled at the taste,
 T'escape from second dose made haste.

The Doctor from that time began
 To dwindle into form of man ;
 And once again, by baths and sweats,
 To visit Gill, and taste his meats.

C A N T O

C A N T O XII.

WHEN Health once more had fix'd her station
Upon the Doctor's corporation ;

And passages in gut were cleans'd,

And injur'd Dolly made amends ;

That only sweetener of life,

By single people call'd a wife,

Her docile partner takes aside,

Gently to lecture, not to chide.

Quoth she, " Dost think this way of life

Can be agreeable to a wife ?

So deep thou'rt rooted in this course,
 Persuasion hath but little force ;
 But true as fate these glutt'nous ways
 Will shortly end thy jovial days ;
 And in a word, to sum the whole,
 Thy purse 'twill ruin and thy soul.
 What I have heard, I will believe,
 And credit to my ears must give :
 As constant as the morn's approach,
 Each day brings forth a fresh debauch :
 And when so full thou'lt cram'd thy maw,
 Thou scarce thy wheezing breath can'lt draw,
 E'en then, can'lt thou a word express,
 Thy boast is living to excess.

Oh !

Oh ! this expensive way of life,
 How must it hurt a prudent wife !
 Ill-fortune cou'd, a wicked jade !
 No other way my peace invade !
 Naught but thy conduct I detest,
 Naught but thy conduct breaks my rest ;
 On what a broken reed—hard fate !
 My hopes I've fix'd, I find too late.
 Instead of heaping piles of wealth,
 Thou gluttest piles to kill thyself ;
 Instead of joining in with me,
 Thou spendest all in luxury.—
 But, dearest man, reclaim thyself,
 And learn th' intrinsic good in wealth.

A charm in hoarding wealth thou'lt find,

And give me back my peace of mind.

Consider too, this vicious life

Might cause a breach 'twixt man and wife :

Suppose in me the maggot bites,

It ruins thee for marriage-rites ;

For those who eat beyond the law

Of Reason, Nature will abhor.

Thy name a common proverb's grown

With all the epicures in town,

For honesty and skill renown'd,

Pictures have brought thee in a pound :

But now-a-days, if thou canst please

Thy palate, and enjoy thy ease,

It

It little matters what betide

The picture traffic thrown aside.

If thou didst know the worth of gold,

Sacred the shining heap thou'dst hold ;

Thou'dst join with me thy nightly song ;

Nor think my little prayer too long.

• “ O be it, Lord, thy pleasure,

That here I share

Thy tender care,

And be possess'd

Of what is best,

Of *money* without measure.

• Chants her prayer.

A second thing I crave, which is,

That on my stone,

When I am gone,

Some friendly wight

These words may write,

“ On earth she roll’d in riches.”

Oh ! that I cou’d but see in you

Thus much regard for money too,

When first the nuptial knot was ty’d,

Thou’dst such a portion, such a bride,

As fall not to the lot of many,

I question if beside to any ;

But

But now, forsooth, the wife's neglected,

Her counsels slighted, schemes rejected ;

Her dowry flies, oh ! how unkind !

Like driven chaff before the wind.

From me, in whom is no deceit,

A word with you shou'd carry weight.

'Tis madness in you not to pay

A strict regard to what I say.

Unequally hath Providence

On some bestow'd her stores of sense ;

The world with no designing arts,

Hath complimented my great parts.

What will it now of me suppose,

For life who've such a partner chose ?

Who

Who might, forfooth, have given her hand
 To many a noble in the land ;
 And fitter far such match had been,
 To many a lord myself akin.
 On you, the world must blame my taste,
 Who cou'd such charms and money waste.
 But then, one circumstance remains,
 Which this huge paradox explains ;
 'Tis lately thou'rt become, I grant,
 The swilling, guttling cormorant.
 And now, if thou wilt not attend
 To the advice of thy best friend ;
 But wilt 'gainst reason persevere
 In deadly courses, know, my dear,

I've nothing farther to advance ;

My duty's done, take you the chance.

C A N T O XIII.

WHILE Madam preach'd, in thoughtful mood,
Like statue fix'd, the Doctor stood :

With eyes directed to the floor,
And lip still dropping lower and lower :
So well he counterfeited shame,
And own'd his fault, and took the blame.

How to succeed the Doctor knew,
And by submission brought her to ;
And promis'd (for convenience)
He ne'er wou'd give the like offence.

At

At night the husband had a scheme,
 Which might impracticable seem.
 Much of the New Rooms Ma'am had heard,
 Yet had not at a ball appear'd ;
 For many reasons she cou'd show,
 Why 'twas improper there to go.
 Still he, who just before to wife
 Had pass'd his word to mend his life,
 By promises first made to bind,
 (But now-a-days are only wind)
 Ev'ry objection overcomes,
 Prevails, and gets her to the Rooms.
 Behold her there in stiff brocade
 Of rev'rend date, and long since made ;

In

In mob, put on without a pin,
 Plaited at top, ty'd under chin !
 A stay so like the ancient taste,
 To size of wasp's drew in her waist :
 Short-quarter'd shoes, and low in heel,
 From Madam's height five inches steal.

She sits—around she casts her eyes,
 And wrath in breast begins to rise ;
 Is much displeas'd at what she sees,
 And neither this nor that can please.
 Warmly she raves against the fashions,
 And puts herself in violent passions.

Quoth she, “ This great extravagance
 Is an alarming circumstance :

This building is excessive large,
 And fitted up at too much charge ;
 It is a prodigal invention
 For dancing, cards, and circumvention ;
 Contriv'd for every excess, (
 Lewdness, luxury, and dress.
 Ah me ! the world's turn'd upside down,
 And wickedness is virtue grown.
 Sweet modest looks our sex forsake,
 And sanctity is made a rake.
 The ladies now, without disgrace,
 May safely try the fond embrace,
 And loll with fashionable ease,
 And at the men do what they please.

The

The men too, I must freely own,
As vicious as our sex are grown.
They vow and swear by all that's true
They love—but only to undo !

See there—her Grace's tortur'd pate,
A fertile soil of mountain height ;
A garden rich, where turnips grow ;
A land that never knows the plough,
Extending wide from west to east,
The rendezvous of bird and beast ;
Here rolls a sow, there sits an ape,
And here a bear of clumsy shape ;
Here ganders flutter, fat ducks waddle,
And game-cocks tread her Grace's noddle ;

Oh, how absurd ! but 'tis the mode,

And pride sustains the heavy load.

Bless me !—What familiar lass

Snatch'd from that fop his looking-glass ?

I'll watch that madam's wanton eye—

How light of heel she seems to fly !

Pray, gentle Sir, inform me who

That lady is that skipt by you,

That snatch'd your box ?” “She's dress'd in green,

If, Madam, 'tis the same you mean ;

Her name is Trifle, comes from town,

A merchant's wife of some renown,

Was lately caught in Hymen's noose,

And now is raving to get loose ;

H

Her

Her husband's rich, but I am told,

For such a lass, the man's too old."

Quoth she—" Fine things, an equipage

May for the present time engage ;

His years the dotard might have taught

This common truth." " Madam, they ought ;

But right he's serv'd (tho' she's a jilt)

Who wears the horns that ne'er were gilt."

He bow'd—and gladly took his leave,

Laughing at Madam in his sleeve.

Now she had gain'd some information

Of all the guests and of their station ;

Their steps observ'd with eye of hawk,

And made remarks upon their talk ;

[What

What liberties Miss Honour gave
 Lord Touch-hole, tho' an arrant knave ;
 How Lady Freehold, full of art,
 Made Captain Charger feel a smart,
 A smart—he cou'd not long endure,
 And stood in need of ready cure.
 This act how cruel ! if the dame
 Meant not to quench the burning flame.

O bless me, what profusion's here !
 I see, forsooth, no lack of cheer ;
 Coffee, cakes, jellies, rolls, and tea,
 Expensive to the last degree !
 What quantities ! but we have paid,
 And farther claim cannot be made.

Quick, quick, my dear, for coffee call,
 For rolls, and cakes, and jellies bawl ;
 Stretch wide thy mouth, lay in a load,
 Cram 'till thou art in shape a toad ;
 I shall not like thee, love, the worse ;
 Eat, drink, swell out, I'll be thy nurse."

Amazement spread the Doctor's face ;
 Thought he, how alter'd is the case !
 'Twas late, " Thy name's a proverb grown
 With all the epicures in town."

But now 'tis " Cram, I'll be thy nurse,
 I shall not like thee, love, the worse."
 I know the drift, but I will eat
 No more than what I think discreet.

Then

Then thus—" My dear, it is my scheme,

In ev'ry thing to shun th' extreme."

Quoth she, and wink'd, " We shall not pay

The more for what we eat to-day."

C A N T O XIV.

SILENT the Doctor—down they sat,
Nor had he time for common chat ;

'Till rolls, et cætera, began

To reconcile the inward man.

When chance directed to his seat

A man of Bath, in painting great,

So great indeed, the modest elf

A prodigy esteems himself :

Such notions of his art he raises ;

While truth is backward in her praises ;

And

And holds his pictures cold and raw,
 To want that warmth they never saw.
 The man hath merit in design,
 But fails in knowledge how to join
 His colours ; which I deem the case
 Of all the men of modern race.

PAINTER. “ Doctor, I’m glad to see you here ;
 Much good may do you with your cheer :
 Your Lady—is she in the room ?
 —She’s well ?—I knew her in her bloom.”

DOCTOR. “ My worthy Sir, pray give me leave,
 (For such a man I can’t conceive
 Exists besides yourself to-day,
 Nor ever did, I’ll boldly say)

To thank you for that noble fight

Beyond imagination quite !”

PAINT. “ I ask you if your lady’s well ?”

DOCT. “ No being ever cou’d excel !—

Great artisan, thou art the prince

Of Claudes, and all that painted since.”

PAINT. “ Good Sir, why compliment me thus ?
I ask you how your lady does ?”

DOCT. “ To many foreign courts I’ve been,
And all the greatest masters seen ;
At home have studied Smith, and West,
And Gainsborough, and all the rest ;
And now sincerely I declare,
There’s none with you I can compare.”

PAINT.

PAINT. " Doctor, you are too generous,
 You give me more than overplus ;
 Such praises fall not to my share,
 You do but waste them in the air."

DOCT. " Why, Sir, your pieces are divine,
 Amazing ! past conception fine !
 Such colouring ! such light and shade !
 Such skill throughout hast thou display'd !
 For ev'ry piece thou may'st command
 A thousand pounds in any land."

Now Madam, seated by his side,
 In accents low began to chide :

Quoth she, " Far better 'tis to tell
 The gentleman that I am well,

Than such untruths to fit and vent,
 Only for sake of compliment :
 Some worth his pictures may inherit,
 Still none, you know, have so much merit
 As ours, and they indeed are fine,
 And what a judge wou'd call divine.
 A thousand pounds apiece for such,
 In my esteem is not too much."

DOCT. " My wife, dear Sir, sits by my side,
 And still appears the virgin-bride :
 As blooming as when first you knew her,
 No Fair to man was ever truer :
 Some fifty years 'tis, since the day,
 She gave her hand, and said Obey ;

And

And to this day I can't complain,
For life without her were a pain."

" Kind Sir, quoth she, you will, I pray,
Excuse my husband's jesting way,
Who seldom to the question spoke,
But oft'ner answer'd in a joke—
My thanks are due for your concern
About me, Sir ; and in return,
I hope your lady keeps her health,
And you enjoy the same yourself."

The artist, not a whit behind,
Her compliments return'd in kind.
But while this conversation past,
The Doctor saw no cause to fast ;

And

And to another table stole

T' attack a second time the roll ;

Nor slack'd his hand, 'till looking round,

He there a second painter found.

Quoth he, " My much admired friend,

What artist can with thee contend !

When last thou gavest me a sight

Of thy choice things—how exquisite !

Such skill I knew not how to prize,

Nor cou'd I scarce believe my eyes."

" Good Doctor, quoth the artisan,

Thou'rt still the same accomplish'd man,

The very pink of politesse,

The same admirer to excess."

" Sir,

“ Sir, quoth the Doctor, such thy skill,

Thou canst with Nature act thy will ;

Surely some praise is due to one,

Who stands unrivall'd and alone.

So warm thy tint ! thy touch so fine !

For each performance, were they mine,

Two thousand pounds, let who wou'd give,

I shou'd not scruple to receive.”

Now Madam, anxious to get home,

Full oft had stepp'd it round the room ;

And long her eyes had cast about,

Before she found her husband out.

Quoth she, “ Dost mean to stay all night,

T' encourage this ungodly fight ?

Never

Never came I to such a ball :

Destruction must attend them all.

But may I never see the day !

Come, husband, quick, come—come away.”—

The Doctor slowly mov'd behind,

The rolls still upmost in his mind.

C A N T O XV.

The Doctor to his Friend in London.

OUR Bath events to write, my friend,
 Wou'd be a task without an end ;

This letter then shall only show

How ill the present moments flow.

In after time, when we shall meet,

Our journey thou shalt have complete,

Imprimis then, when goody wife

Renew'd her lease for t' other life,

Bath was no longer Paradise,

For I no longer kept my size :

Dame Fortune varies oft the scene,
 Sometimes I'm fat, sometimes I'm lean.
 The waters — d—n their influence,
 Wou'd we had been some few miles hence !
 Too soon unlock'd my doxy's peepers,
 Which had so long look'd pretty sleepers :
 But now with horrid glare they shoot,
 And flare me down from head to foot,
 As if a monster I had been
 Brought from the Indies to be seen.
 Her voice to higher pitch is alter'd,
 Her tongue as yet hath never falter'd :
 Strange waters these ! t' affect, I thought,
 At once the eye-sight and the note.

To-day, with fury in her breast,

Herself to me she thus address'd :

“ Thou monstrous, filthy feeding brute,

Look at thy paunch and greasy suit ;

More vice I find out, than before,

By fumbling of thy belly o'er.

Thou know'st that great unwieldy size

Deceiv'd me not, tho' I'd no eyes ;

But now th' effects of ev'ry sin,

Stand all confess'd upon thy skin :

Noses carbuncled and red spots

Are marks of epicures and fots.

Oh ! that my eyes were clos'd again ;

These eyes abhor such sights profane.

See there ! the cook—the publican—

The poulterer—the fisherman—

Have fix'd their station on thy face ;

Oh, horrid sin ! oh, dire disgrace !

These ornaments, so caref'ly fought,

Were not, I trow, for nothing bought.

The constant glass hath swell'd thy feet,

And Gill hath cramm'd thee full with meat.

Mercy on me ! had I my wish,

Thou ne'er shou'dst see another dish.

But dainty Sir must have a pigeon,

And give five shillings for a widgeon ;

With cod and maids himself will glut,

And stop at nothing for his gut.

With

With money sure thy purse o'erflows,
But lightly comes, as lightly goes."

No more I heard; for out I ran,
And thus to sorrow I began;

"Most wives are troubles here below,
For most are bad, the best so so:
Still Fortune's frowns I cannot help,
Tho' I'm a most unlucky whelp:
Ah me! my wines and dories now,
My dainty bits and gambols too;
And merry songs of old King Cole,
And robin-redbreast on a pole;
Of these I sang most merrily,
No one so happy half as I!

A jolly story I cou'd tell
 Of black-head Sue and Flaxen Nell ;
 And how I took a fisherman,
 And entertain'd him at the Swan,
 And gave him gin to end the strife
 Between the cuckold and his wife :
 In the true sense, from morn to night,
 I liv'd, while Madam saw no light :
 But now in doleful dump I sit,
 Nor drink a drop, nor taste a bit,
 But what is measur'd ; add to that,
 Not half enough to keep my fat ;
 As you will see, if I survive
 This starving, d—'d prerogative.

My wife begins to talk of town,
 But I with some regret, must own,
 Shall leave this place ;—for cou'd I stay
 Another month ; was Ma'am away ;
 Dear friend, I'd live most like myself,
 While purse supply'd and I had health :
 For ev'ry thing that's rare and nice,
 May here be had at certain price.
 And when I buy I make no words,
 But take the best the town affords :
 If thus a day some pounds I spend,
 'Tis trifling at the twelvemonth's end.
 I cannot move, but she will know
 Whither I'm bound before I go.

So hard my case ! yet day by day,
For sake of quiet, I give way.
Your friend, believe me, I remain,
Till you and I shall meet again."

C A N T O XVI.

THE Sun was dress'd in golden cap,
And sinking into Ocean's lap ;
When from his wife the Doctor stole,
Once more to feast without control :
And, like a madman unconfin'd,
Leaving his hat and cane behind,
As swift as wind, thro' streets he flew,
Nor once his eyes behind him threw,

Until protection he had took

In shop of Gill the pastry-cook :

Around, with pleasure, on the pies

The Doctor there cou'd cast his eyes.

“ Bring me, old friend, quoth he, in haste,

The best you've got, nor moment waste ;

My jaws this hour shall work their will,

This night's my last, I'll eat my fill ;

To-morrow is th' appointed day,

We pack up all and march away.”

At this a dismal cast o'ertook

The doleful phiz of pastry-cook ;

To lose of customers the chief

Was matter of the greatest grief :

Quoth

Quoth he, " And must you then depart ?

The very thought will break my heart !

But if you must—I cannot stay—

My shop will fail—I'll run away."

Too much by gut the Doctor drew,

And fear of future penance knew,

Idly the precious time to spend,

In list'ning to his doleful friend ;

" This hour, quoth he, let me secure,

And of a meal once more make sure ;

This feast, perhaps, may be my last,

God knows, to-morrow I may fast ;

I'll lend an ear, when I have done,—

Another dish—go fetch it—run—."

He

He ran—he brought—but cou'd not speak,
 Tears trickl'd down his greasy cheek ;
 So much distress had chang'd his look,
 He scarce appear'd the pastry-cook.

The Doctor ate 'till he began
 To feel enough within the man ;
 And thoughts of leaving Bath behind
 Thick crowded on his troubled mind ;
 Quoth he, with sorrow-bursting heart,
 “ The time is come and we must part :
 Thy meats I leave with much regret,
 'Tis hard their relish to forget !—
 'Tis worse than death !—but I submit,
 And take what Providence thinks fit ;

Adieu,

Adieu, my friend! I wish thee well,—

'Thy shop hath not its parallel.'

In silent grief the cook withdrew,

He had not power to say adieu.

The doctor durst no longer tarry,

But, fast as bending legs cou'd carry,

He labour'd back (of wife in dread)

And stole up stairs and went to bed.

In broken dreams the night he spent;—

He gave up Bath against consent.

Aurora now, in eastern pride,

Above the hills began to ride,

And from her golden locks display

The tokens of a summer's day;

When

When against door, with thund'ring noise,
 His Lady bang'd, and with a voice
 As loud as trumpet, and as shrill,—
 Cry'd, " Hey-day—what art snoring still ?
 Dormouse awake—down stairs make haste,
 Thou shalt my precious moments waste—
 I'll stay a minute, and no more ;
 The chaise is waiting at the door."

The Doctor, at this sudden storm,
 (Like hare that's started from her form)
 Sprang up, and cry'd in humble voice,
 " My dear, why make thee such a noise ?
 I'll come, but give me time to dress—"
 " In that, quoth she, I acquiesce."

The

The Doctor to his window drew,
 Where he commanded, at one view,
 The city and the suburbs round,
 And Avon's stream for fish renown'd.
 There, as he drefs'd, in pensive strain,
 (No more to visit Bath again)
 He gave his sorrows to the air,
 And words like these express'd his care :
 " Fam'd Gill, thy shop, without objection,
 Is mistress first of my affection ;
 Oh ! I shall ne'er forget thy meat,
 So fine, by Heaven, and so sweet !
 With thee for ever I cou'd dwell :
 In vain I wish ; once more farewell !

Ye pleasant walks, and shady groves,
 Ye mossy banks, and high alcoves,
 Where late I wander'd to and fro,
 With belly-full and happy, know,
 My painful march this morn I beat,
 Farewel ! again we ne'er must meet !
 And Avon, on whose waters glide
 Long teams of swans in silver pride,
 Where speckled trout spring up for food,
 And leave thick circles on the flood ;
 There on thy flow'ry banks I'd stand
 And whip the fly with dextrous hand ;
 An hour no more I spend with you ;
 Dear Avon, swans, and trout, adieu !

Farewel,

Farewel, fair city of renown,

Farewel, a thousand times, my town."

T H E . E N D.



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